

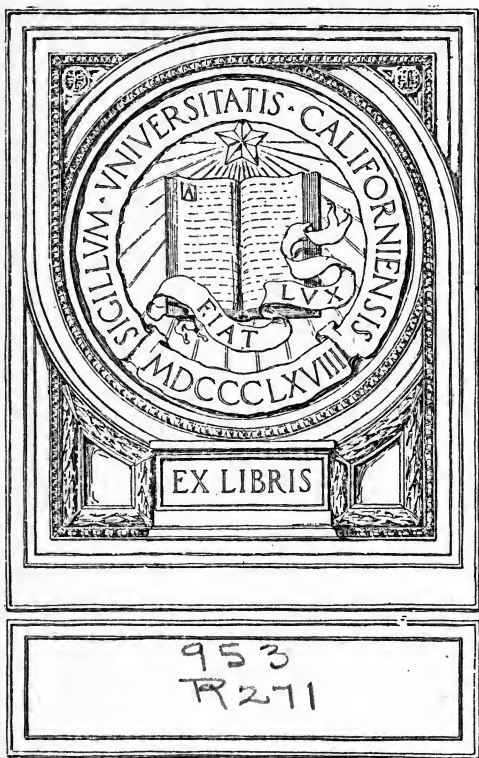
UC-NRLF



SB 167 074

CHRISTUS
CONSOLATOR
—
RAYMOND

YC110





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR
AND OTHER POEMS



Christus Consolator

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND



NEW YORK

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

COPYRIGHT, 1916,
By ROSSITER W. RAYMOND

THE
RAYMOND
LIBRARY

PREFACE

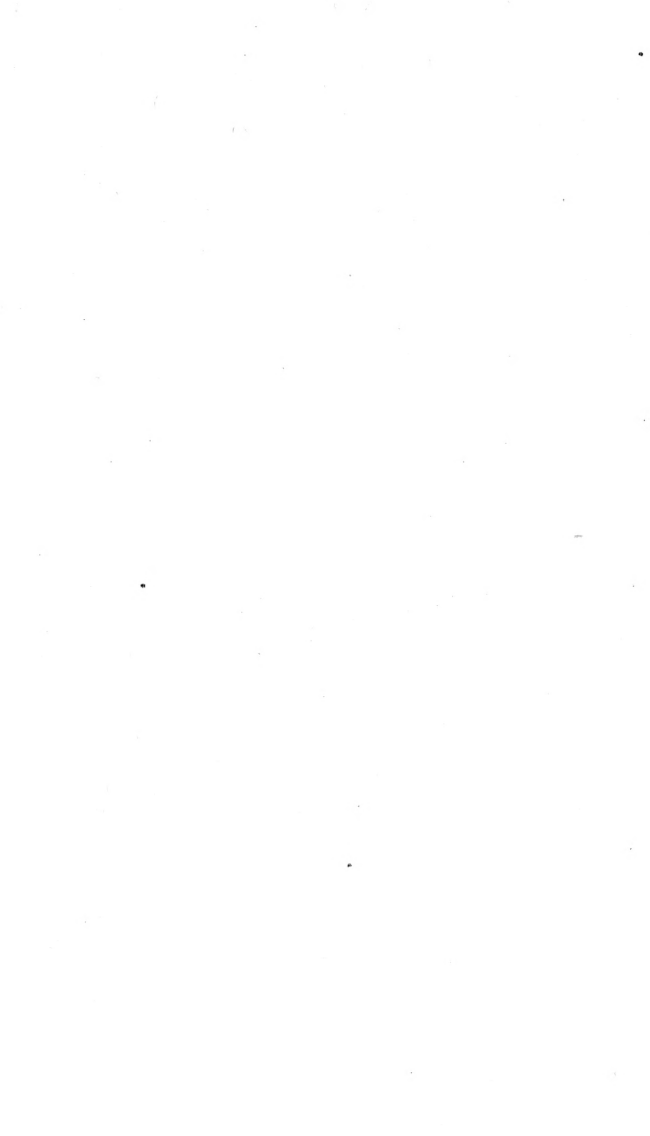
NEARLY all the poems in this book were written for special occasions. Some of them have been widely circulated in fugitive form. Of the title-poem, more than 7,000 copies have been given away, in response to personal requests, and a similar, though smaller, demand for others has proved their helpfulness to many persons of whom I was not thinking when I wrote them.

May God continue to bless to sorrowing and doubting souls this message of a brother who has known both doubt and sorrow, and has found much compensation in the exhortation of the Apostle:

“That we may be able to comfort them that are in any trouble through the comfort wherewith we are ourselves comforted of God.”

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

BROOKLYN, 1916.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR	11
IMMORTALITY	13
ONCE MINE, ALWAYS MINE	15
A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM	17
THE CHOICE	19
GALAHAD	21
THE TWO HOMES	23
HIS NAME SHALL BE ON THEIR FOREHEADS	26
WHO SHALL SEPARATE US?	28
THE TEACHER	30
THE PILLAR IN THE TEMPLE	31
MOTHER	33
EMMAUS	34
DEATH'S REVELATION	37
THE JUST MADE PERFECT	39
THE LIGHT ETERNAL	41
BLESSED ARE THEY	42
ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF	44
HAVING DONE ALL, STAND!	45
THE RECRUIT	46
WALKING WITH GOD (WRITTEN FOR THE FUNERAL OF WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON)	48
THE LOVER OF MEN (PETER COOPER)	50
WELL DONE!	51
THE DOER OF THE WORD	53
THE FACE BELOVED (MEMORIAL TABLET TO HENRY WARD BEECHER, 1893)	54
THE SACRIFICE (CHARLES WEITZEL)	56

	PAGE
ONE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH (PLYMOUTH CHURCH)	57
A PRAYER	59
HE STANDS AT THE DOOR	61
MY PILGRIMAGE	62
CHRISTUS CONJUGATUS	64
THE LILIES	66
THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO	68
TO A SHUT-IN	69
THE HIGHEST CRITICISM	71
THY WILL	72
IMMORTAL LOVE	74
SING TO THE LORD!	76
AN ANNIVERSARY	78
EASTER	80

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR
AND OTHER POEMS

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR

Beside the dead I knelt for prayer,
And felt a presence as I prayed.
Lo! it was Jesus standing there.
He smiled: "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, Thou hast conquered death we know;
Restore again to life," I said,
"This one who died an hour ago."
He smiled: "She is not dead!"

"Asleep then, as thyself didst say;
Yet thou canst lift the lids that keep
Her prisoned eyes from ours away!"
He smiled: "She doth not sleep!"

"Nay then, tho' haply she do wake,
And look upon some fairer dawn,
Restore her to our hearts that ache!"
He smiled: "She is not gone!"

"Alas! too well we know our loss,
Nor hope again our joy to touch,
Until the stream of death we cross."
He smiled: "There is no such!"

"Yet our beloved seem so far,

The while we yearn to feel them near,
Albeit with Thee we trust they are."

He smiled: "And I am here!"

"Dear Lord, how shall we know that they

Still walk unseen with us and Thee,
Nor sleep, nor wander far away?"

He smiled: "Abide in Me!"

IMMORTALITY

Some gazed into the heavens afar;
Some delved in darkness underground;
But Life Immortal was not found
In any stone or star.

Some asked the spirits of the dead;
Some thrid the mazes of the past;
Some called aloud—and heard at last
But what themselves had said.

Some sought in quivering nerves laid bare;
Some cleaved the atoms, one by one;
Some cried, their vain inquiry done,
“It is not anywhere!”

But some in happy peace remained.
“Why join ye not,” I said, “the quest?”
And they made answer, “It is best
To seek not, having gained.”

“Then ye have found it?” “Nay,” they cried,
“It hath found us. The life above
We live by faith and hope and love,
Since these three shall abide!

“Faith opens wide the gates of gloom ;
Hope presses to a glad surprise ;
But love looks round, with happy eyes,
And finds herself at home !”

ONCE MINE, ALWAYS MINE

Wert thou but traveling thro' the spheres
And only resting on the way
Within these arms, that all my tears
Were vain to make thee stay?

Thou didst abide so little space,—
Forsake so soon this earthly lot—
Ah, can it be thy mother's face
Already is forgot?

With joyful eyes and feet alert,
'Ungrieving dost thou greet to-day
Those angel-friends from whom thou wert
So little while away?

Nay, love is swift to spring and grow;
And where it once has lived, I ween,
That place can never be as though
The love-life had not been.

A bright child-angel, thou didst come,
And, dropping here celestial flowers,
Hast carried to thine other home
Undying blooms from ours.

No crown regained that lights thy face
Can hide the earth-born radiance mild
That thro' all glory sheds a grace—
Thou heavenly, human child!

How shall I find thee in the throng?
Ah, love knows how to recognize,
Through all the thunder of the song
And blaze of starry eyes!

Not long my soul, that happy day,
From its delight shall stand apart:
O child, my child! thou wilt obey
The crying of my heart!

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

I thought her given a charge to me;
I took her with a trembling pride,
Remembering what Earth's dangers be,
And asking on my bended knee
God's wisdom for my guide.

I looked upon her innocence,
Then forward through the coming years,
And thought my earth-experience
Should shield her soul from all offence
And keep her eyes from tears!

What solemn joy, to lead her feet
Through Life's bewildering, changeful land,
To tell her all the sad and sweet
That make Life's mystery complete,
And lend her strength to stand!

Ah, fond and foolish was my pride,
And fond and foolish was my fear!
She had no need of earthly guide;
'Twas not for that she sought my side
And sojourned with me here!

Not she my charge ; but rather I
To her bright guidance had been given !
She came within my arms to lie,
That she might know me by and bye,
Amid the throngs of heaven !

And I shall know her loving eyes—
Shall learn of her Life's mystery ;
Now God be thanked that in the skies—
An angel in a child's disguise—
My teacher waits for me !

THE CHOICE

Ben Ezra, mourning wild
Above the body of his child,
His faith with fate unreconciled,
Complained, and could not understand
Why Death's relentless hand
A thousand common lives should spare,
To snatch a life so fair.

"The old outlive the young;
The sweetest song is hushed ere it be sung;
The loveliest bud," he thought,
"Is come to naught;
The page of brightest promise falls unread;
Oh, cruel jest!" he said.

At last
His soul flew back into the past.
Again he smiled above his new-born son,
And was aware of One
Who, standing by the cradle, spake:

"This gift again I take
When but a few swift years are sped.
Now choose!" the Presence said:

“Since by the changeless, fathomless decree,
This bitter loss must be,
Were it not better I should touch
The child, and mar it, lest it grow to such
As, losing, thou would'st mourn too much?”

“Or shall I crown it with my rarest crown
Of glory, to bring down
A deeper shadow when it fades
Than common shades?
So would'st thou have—and miss—
The greater bliss!”

“Nay!” cried Ben Ezra; “since this grace
Bides but so little space,
Keep back no gift of treasures manifold
That heaven doth hold;
But pour the brightness of all spheres
Into my child's few years,
That I may drink of joy's full measure first,
Though afterwards I thirst!”

The vision fled.

Ben Ezra was alone beside his dead;
And, while afresh he grieved,
Praised God, with tears, that such a child had
lived!

GALAHAD

O Lord of Life, and Life again!
Obedient to Thy decree,
Thy servant fares beyond our ken
To spheres and duties known to Thee.

Full sorely shall we miss him here:
Could'st Thou not spare us for a space
Such youthful spirits, bright and dear,
And strong to do Thy work of grace?

Why callest Thou the stainless knight
With sword scarce proved against the foe,
Why leavest us, by many a fight
Wearied and scarred, and fain to go?

Yet this we dimly understand:
That Life Eternal is our own,
And that the unseen Other Land
Is ours, and not this Land alone!

Once Thou did'st lose Thy Son awhile
On a strange errand, full of pain;
Yet with a Father's welcoming smile
Did'st proudly take Him home again.

So now we say: If Life be One,
And Thou of Life the Ruler be,
Dear God, Who gavest us Thy Son,
Behold! we give our sons to Thee!

THE TWO HOMES

"I go," said Jesus, "to prepare
A place for you;" and surely He
Bids in that task our dear ones share,
That where *they* are, we too may be!

How sweet, how wise the Master's way
To make the household strong and sure—
Not raised haphazard for a day,
But deeply founded, to endure!

How lovingly He watches, while
We mortals build on earth a home,
Giving His blessing with a smile
As one by one the children come!

Each child a stranger, to our sense,
Till life has made it closely dear—
Yet if perchance He calls it hence,
How empty seems the household here!

Ah! He is building for our love
A home by far outlasting this:
The house not made with hands, above,
Eternal in the heavenly bliss!

Not even the first who pass the gates
Can feel themselves indeed alone;
For He with cordial welcome waits—
A household friend already known!

He shows them how His love has cared
For us, their love still longs to see,
And leads them to the place prepared,
Where He and they and we shall be.

Thenceforward they who enter there
(Returning by the glad new birth
Called death) do find a household where
Shall be fulfilled the loves of earth.

No blind and ignorant babes are they,
With love's long lesson yet to learn;
But souls that swiftly tread the way
To meet the souls for whom they yearn.

Each pilgrim feels familiar arms
Outstretched to give the old embrace,
And looks, to still all strange alarms,
Up into a familiar face!

And so the household grows complete,
While its destruction we deplore,
Unmindful of the safe retreat
They have prepared who went before.

Dear Christ! in both our homes a guest,
Consoling here, inspiring there!
Prepare *us* for the place of rest,
While Thou and they the place prepare!

HIS NAME SHALL BE ON THEIR FOREHEADS

Above that silent, stainless brow,
Behold an Angel bending low!

“What doest Thou,” I said,
“To our beloved dead?”

Then smiling, he: “I smooth away
Some words of earthly pain that lay
Upon this forehead white.
They came there in the night;

“And now, at morning’s happy tide,
They may no longer there abide.
See how, at my caress,
They fade to nothingness!”

“Nay, Thou art doing more than this!”
I said; and he, with one swift kiss
Upon the shining head,
Replied, “I print instead

A new name where those words were writ!”
“Alas!” I cried, “we are not fit
That secret name to know;
And we would not forego

“The lore of precious, sacred gain
Love wrote between those lines of pain.
Nor were she truly blest
Forgetting us in rest!”

Once more he spake: “This name so new
Containeth all the old names, too;
What ye have spelled apart
In syllables of the heart,

“What ye have yearned in vain to say,
Is the full name of God—and they
On whom that Name is set,
Belonging to you yet,
Live, and do not forget!”

WHO SHALL SEPARATE US?

I

I marvel not when souls oppressed
With toil and care and fear,
Look forward, upward, for the rest
That is denied them here.

The poor, the weak, the lonely lives,
How would they curse their birth,
But for the hope of heaven that gives
A recompense for earth!

But we, who journeyed, hand in hand,
And rested, heart to heart,
Longed not for any better land
That we must reach *apart*.

How can celestial scenes atone
For earth's remembered bliss
To her, in yonder world alone,
And me, alone in this?

II

O tear-blind mourner! lift thine eyes,
And dry them in the sun;
Thou also art in Paradise,
For lo! the world is one!

And they who walk the way of love,
Love's life eternal win,
Nor need to look afar, above,
For heaven, that lies within

That deeper union cannot hang
Upon a mortal breath,
Or vanish in a mortal pang—
For such there is no death!

One with each other and with Christ,
They journey as before,
And find the joy that once sufficed
Become not less, but more.

O blessed touch of Death, that takes
No jot from joys begun,
But only of love's kingdom makes
Two worlds that are but one!

THE TEACHER

Dear Lord, to whom the children ran
For blessing sweet and close embrace,
Who saidst, the children's angels can
Forever see the Father's face;

Who didst rebuke the otherwise
That sought the children to exclude;
Who didst approve, with smiling eyes,
When children palms before Thee strewed!

Behold! Thy servant doth appear
Before Thy face he longed to see—
His glory this: that, year by year,
He brought the children unto Thee!

And while he did his loving part,
We saw him win a grace unthought;
For lo! by touch Divine, his heart
Grew to a child's heart, as he wrought!

And now we hear Thee, Glorious One,
With shining children round Thy knees,
Saying, "Thrice welcome, dearest son;
Thou art become as one of these!"

THE PILLAR IN THE TEMPLE

Crowned Son of God! Behold, Thy friend
Departs from us, to bide with Thee,
Trusting Thy word, that to the end
Where'er Thou art, Thine own shall be.

And by Thy promise sure, we know
That he on whom we leaned in love
Shall stand, as in Thy Church below,
A pillar, in Thy Church above!

A pillar, always in its place,
Steadfast and strong, and true of line,
Firm-founded in Thy changeless grace,
High-towering to Thy full design!

Of these Thy pillars, Thou didst say
O Christ! Thou wouldest write on them
The name of God, to shine alway,
And of His New Jerusalem.

Yet these were no inscriptions new—
Only a record simply fit;
For on this pillar's shaft, these two,
Thou knowest, were already writ.

But Thou hast promised more than this:—
O vision beyond earthly sight!
O mystery of consummate bliss!—
Thine own new name thereon to write!

And in Thy Temple we shall view
Our brother strong, who overcame,
Bearing, above all names we knew,
The glory of Thine own New Name!

It shall be whispered in his ear—
That glad new name of love and rest;
Then chanted through the heavenly sphere;—
Then blazoned on his happy breast!

MOTHER

True heart and wise, that with Love's key
Didst open all life's mystery
And buy life's treasure at the price
Of Love's perpetual sacrifice!

The peace that Love finds hid in care;
The strength that love-borne burdens bear;
The hope that stands with love and faith
Serenely facing life and death;

The blessing that in blessing lies—
These didst thou know, true heart and wise!
Now God hath added, last and best,
The sudden, glad surprise of *rest!*

EMMAUS

"Dear Lord," I said, "we would not mourn
For any loss that needs be borne,
If only we might know our loss
Was gain unto Thy Holy Cross.
What were our sorrow, in the thought
Of Thy new victory thereby wrought!

"But didst Thou really know, indeed,
Of this Thy saint, Thy kingdom's need—
How many souls, she saved for Thee,
Now faint for such a friend as she;

"How many more she might have won
Are seeking help and finding none;
How all Thy servants query who
Her place can fill, her work can do?
Not selfish is the moan we make;
[We sorrow, Master, for Thy sake!"

The silence of my soul was stirred
By something subtler than a word—
Such utterance as the Spirit brings
For deep, unutterable things.
I know not what the Spirit brought:
It seemed a picture and a thought.

I saw two travelers in tears,
Communing of their griefs and fears,
In garrulous sorrow telling o'er,
What each already knew before,
How death had triumphed to dispel
The only hope of Israel.
"We thought," they said, "it would be He
Who should redeem us!"

Suddenly

Methought I saw a stranger greet
Those hopeless mourners. In His feet
And in His hands and in His side
The cruel scars yet testified;
And on His brow serene was borne
The impress of a wreath of thorn.
Yet were their eyes with weeping dim;
And glory strange encompassed Him—
The radiance that witnesseth
Of love victorious over death.
And so they knew Him not; but soon
Methought their faces glowed and shone,
As if their hearts, in glad relief,
Burned through the ashes of their grief.

One little word of all He said
Wherewith their souls were comforted,
I caught; and, by a mystery,
The rest seemed spoken unto me:

“If it were better then that I
At the full hour of hope should die,
Doubt not that death with life divine
Crowns for new power each child of mine,
Nor fear lest any death of man
Shall spoil the work My death began!
Nay, rather, as My going left
A Spirit new in hearts bereft,
And they who sorrowed for me most
Were kindled by the Holy Ghost
To joy and courage, hope and zeal
Beyond all human power to feel,
So let your seeming loss and pain
Be wrought into some nobler strain
Of praise and service, worthy her
Whose life was My interpreter,
And whose strong spirit, glorified,
Forever shall with you abide!”

The Master was revealed, 'tis said,
To them, in breaking of the bread,
And vanished: so from me at last
The vision of His presence passed;
But witness evermore shall be
This bread of life He broke for me!

DEATH'S REVELATION

One more from earth to heaven ascends;
Yet earth and heaven do lie so near
That still we walk with unseen friends
And our beloved still are here!

We feel upon our foreheads still
Their hands, we strive in vain to reach
While with the words of love they fill
The silence which is love's own speech.

The mystery thus we learn at last,
Uniting earth's divided lives,
That, all things mortal being passed,
Immortal, changeless love survives!

Sinning, and doubting overmuch,
Too oft we lose the vision clear,
The hearing keen, the subtle touch,
That link us to a higher sphere.

Welcome! thou dear Death-Angel, who
Undoest what our lives have done,
And, breaking our delusions through,
Makest once more the two worlds one!

Thy call is doom; thy touch is pain;
Thy boon is ours at fearful cost;
But thou dost give to us again
The priceless treasure we had lost.

THE JUST MADE PERFECT

O bliss supreme, for which we yearned
The while Earth's weary way we trod,
And faintly in the sky discerned
The shining city of our God!

There stand the innumerable throng
Of angels, whom we yet shall know,
And there, in rest and joy and song,
The heroes of the church below.

And there the Judge, whose love is law,
And the dear Christ, whose pierced side
Upon the cross erewhile we saw,
Now welcomes them for whom He died!

Yet still our hearts to kindly Death
One other longing would declare—
Ah! blessed be the word that saith
The just made perfect—*they* are there.

They whom we loved with fitful love,
Yea, *loved*—yet did not understand—
They wait us in the host above,
Transfigured for the heavenly land!

And now their deep, transparent eyes
Disclose their secret, real and true—
All weakness gone that did disguise
The heavenly heart from earthly view.

What though we find they have outgrown
The portrait of our memory?
Still we shall know them for our own—
Our own—as we would have them be!

From glory unto glory bright
With flight unfettered now they soar;
Yet, on each new celestial height,
Still they are *ours*, not less, but *more*!

THE LIGHT ETERNAL

The brightest ray gives deepest shade;
And, if we read the gloom aright
Some passing shield opaque has made,
We say, "The shadow proves the light!"

Yea, even the dark of night profound,
That seems so boundless to our eyes,
Is but a shadow, swinging round
Through the vast glory of the skies—

The shadow of our floating isle,
That, turning, keeps the light away
Or brings it back, yet swims the while
In the great sea of changeless day!

And when to us night seems to fall,
And we declare that day is done,
Beyond the West earth's dwellers all
Are waking glad to greet the sun!

So Life and Death, like Night and Day,
Are but the change ourselves have made,
While round our little world alway
Shines Light Eternal, without shade!

BLESSED ARE THEY

To us across the ages borne,
Comes the deep word the Master said:
"Blessed are they that mourn;
They shall be comforted!"

Strange mystery! Is it better, then,
To weep and yearn and vainly call,
Till peace is won from pain,
Than not to grieve at all!

Yea, truly, though joy's note be sweet,
Life does not thrill to joy alone.
The harp is incomplete
That has no deeper tone.

Unclouded sunshine overmuch
Falls vainly on the barren plain;
But fruitful is the touch
Of sunshine after rain!

Who only scans the heavens by day
Their story but half reads, and mars;
Let him learn how to say,
"The night is full of stars!"

We seek to know Thee more and more,
Dear Lord, and count our sorrows blest,
Since sorrow is the door
Whereby Thou enterest.

Nor can our hearts so closely come
To Thine in any other place,
As where, with anguish dumb,
We faint in Thine embrace.

ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF,

Lord Jesus! Thou dost know my pain—
Alone, at night, to cry Alas!
With anguish, and to cry in vain—
Didst Thou not pray, and pray again,
The bitter cup might pass?

My hopeless struggle ends; and now,
In this mine hour of cruel loss,
Thou knowest still my pain; for Thou
Beneath the crushing weight didst bow,
And couldst not bear Thy cross!

Though heaven awhile its stars deny,
And faith no gleam of rescue see,
This, too, Thou knowest, who didst cry
Aloud: My God, My God; oh why
Hast Thou forsaken me!

To Thee the weary way is plain,
The fear, the darkness, the release.
Since I must tread that path again,
Dear Christ, who knowest all my pain,
Make me to know Thy peace!

HAVING DONE ALL, STAND!

Erect, alert, undaunted still,
The weary, wounded veteran stands,
Waiting to hear the Captain's will,
And heeding nought save His commands.

In vain we whisper, through our grief,
"Lay down thy weapons; take thy rest!
Behold, the Angel of Relief
Approaches at thy Lord's behest!"

"Not so," he saith; "I pledged my Lord
In youth, the life He gave me then;
And only at His own clear word
Will I surrender it again!"

Then through the night his lips were dumb;
But as the dawn dispelled the shade,
The Voice he knew said plainly, "Come!"
And in glad silence he obeyed!

Thou knowest, Lord, Thy soldier true;
For Thou, Thyself, didst set him free,
When he had fought the good fight *through*,
And kept the faith once pledged to Thee!

THE RECRUIT

"Lord, who am I that I should dare,"
He said, "Thy glorious name to wear,
And challenge all to view in me
What sort of man Christ's man should be!

"Let this sufficient place be mine,
Humbly to hear Thy word divine,
And serve Thy children, even as one
Not worthy to be called Thy son!"

"My son!"—thus ran the answer low—
"My son! Thou canst not serve Me so.
I need thee wholly; and My need,
Not thine alone, I stand to plead.

"And whom I call, I will sustain;
Falling, they shall arise again;
Mine once, mine always, they shall be
Who in My need have come to Me."

He heard; he hastened to obey,
Casting all doubts and fears away,
And unto Christ, at that command
"I need thee," pledged a loyal hand.

How strong the steadfast soldier stood,
How faithful to the brotherhood!
Ah, clearly, though our eyes are dim,
We see how much we needed him!

But he has caught again the word
That once his generous spirit stirred,
As, whispering from a higher sphere,
The master said, "I need thee *here!*"

WALKING WITH GOD

Read at the funeral of WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON, at
Washington, Connecticut.

He walked, the friend of every life
In flower or insect, beast or bird;
He knew their pleasure and their strife;
Their sorrows shared, their secrets heard.

Bending their leafy diadems,
The trees to him a welcome breathed;
The blossoms on a thousand stems
To him their deepest hearts unsheathed.

The bright-eyed squirrel showed him where
Its highway ran along the fence,
And, inly glad to see him there,
Fled, not too far, in shy pretence.

The tilting songster on the bough,
The callow nestling in its place,
With quick perception learned to know
This lover of their hunted race.

Around him, like an angel throng,
The countless host of gauzy things,
With airy flight and murmurous song
Unfurled the glories of their wings.

For the world's life within him thrilled,
And every earthly path he trod
To his responsive soul was filled
With works, and ways, and words of God.

Then spake a dearer Voice: "My son,
A life yet wider shalt thou see:
Leave these fair hills of Washington,
And walk on fairer hills with Me!"

THE LOVER OF MEN

In memory of PETER COOPER.

Now, God be thanked for such a gift!

A human life, so strong, so sweet,
So blessed, so blessing, so complete,
So fit before the world to lift

For pattern and encouragement;

For silent love and echoing praise;
For teaching how earth's fleeting days
In heavenly uses best are spent;

What guerdon tireless toil commands;

What triumph waits on enterprise;
How he who serves his kind shall rise,
Upborne upon their grateful hands!

His goodness struck detraction dumb;

He drew the heart of all to his,
And lent unto the life that is
The brightness of the life to come!

WELL DONE!

O gallant warrior, whom nor wound
Nor weariness could force to yield,
Until thou heard'st the bugle sound
That called thee to a higher field!

O faithful servant, not content
To rest upon the service past,
But using still the talents lent
With jealous ardor to the last!

O thorough workman, slighting nought,
But laboring on the smallest part
Until the whole was fitly wrought
To satisfy thy loyal heart!

To thee I hear the Master speak
Not merely words of pardoning grace,
As one who lifts a wanderer weak
Into some safe, celestial place!

Sweet is His mercy unto all
Who fail in what they fain would do;
And precious His inspiring call
That cheers them to begin anew.

But unto some, when life is spent,
The fight is fought, the race is run,
He saith, not pityingly, "Well meant!"
But proudly, joyfully, "Well done!"

THE DOER OF THE WORD

Not thine in lofty words to celebrate
The deeds of other men, or to declare
How honor, courage, kindness are fair;
How happy homes make strong the welded
State;
How they who draw the path of duty
straight
And tread therein unswerving, without boast,
Of all God's loyal servants do the most
To cast up for His feet the highway great.

Yet with a clearer language didst thou speak,
Than poet's song or preacher's tongue of
fire,
That truth to utter which mere speech is weak;
And thee not less we gratefully admire,
Who quietly hast lived the life they seek
By their high words in all men to inspire.

THE FACE BELOVED

Read at the dedication of the Memorial Tablet to
HENRY WARD BEECHER, at Plymouth Church, 1893.

Let us look on his face anew;
The face so tender and true;
The brow of a strong repose;
The eyes of fire and dew;
The lips that could uncloseth
To let the thunder through,

Or sound Heaven's trumpet of youth
To spirits weary of earth,
Or challenge the deeps of truth,
Or ring with the music of mirth,
Or breathe, like a harp in the air,
The answering breath of prayer!

Let us look on the face we have loved
Since ever our love began;
The face that with anger was moved
When wrong was done to man;
That shone in the front of the fight
When battle raged for the right,
Yet bent with pity again
Over the wounded and slain!

Let us look on the face of him
Who caught from the joyous throng
Of worshipping seraphim
The note of a rapturous song;
Who tasted the bread and the wine
Of the human life divine!

Come look on his face, all ye
Whose tears have watered his grave;
Slaves, he called to be free;
Soldiers, he cheered to be brave;
Hungry souls that he fed;
Mourners he comforted;
Dead souls, raised from the dead!

We need not look on his face
In picture or stone or brass;
It is kept in a sacred place,
While years uncounted pass—
In the hearts and the lives enshrined
Of the loving, left behind!

Nay, not behind or below!
For the life eternal is here;
And within its shadow we know
Our lover beloved stands near,
Whose face, not far away,
Looks upon us this day!

THE SACRIFICE

In memory of CHARLES WEITZEL, Assistant Pastor of
Plymouth Church.

This precious ointment rich and rare—
Shall it adorn the fairest fair,
Anoint some brow of kingly mien,
Or lend its fragrance to a queen,
Or, bartered dear for price of gold,
Bring wealth and power to him who sold,
Or, proudly conscious of itself,
In the carved casket on the shelf
Its hoarded treasure keep confined,
Too sacred for the human kind?

Nay, break the box, and pour profuse
The ointment in Love's humblest use.
No gift can squandered be or lost
When Love gives, counting not the cost.
Pour it in Love's surrender sweet
Upon some weary pilgrim's feet,
Or touch with Love's last chrism thereby
Some lonely one about to die,
And listen while Love whispers thee:
"Lo! thou hast done it unto Me!"

ONE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH

Read at the Annual Dinner of Plymouth Church
January 16, 1910.

Mother, whose household is one
Beneath and beyond the sun!
Thy daughters and sons to-day
Hail thee and praise thee, and say,
"Out of two worlds we come
To greet our Mother at home!"

Babes taken out of thy breast
Into the heavenly rest;
Youths made strong by thy voice
To serve and endure and rejoice;
Veterans crowned, who yet
Love thee, and do not forget!

Angels of glory and joy
Pause in celestial employ,
Blessing and honor to shed
On thy gray, beautiful head!
Blessing and honor to thee
From those who have stood at thy knee!

Yea, He who is Brother of all
Hastens to come at thy call,
Gladly revisiting here
The home by His presence made dear,
Yet bidding us know, at thy side,
His presence doth ever abide!

So we, who yet linger between
The past and the future unseen,
Are one with the host on high,
And one with the host drawing nigh,—
Thy children, whose love is secure
While ages and ages endure!

A PRAYER

God give thee strength, my child,
His strength, that cannot break
'Neath heavy burdens, piled
On feeble arms that ache!
Through all time's weary length
God give thee strength!

God give thee peace, my child,
His peace, mysterious, strange,
A music, murmuring mild
Above earth's noisy change,
That bids the tempest cease—
God give thee peace!

God give thee joy, my child,
Triumphant, full of grace,
The joy that aye hath smiled
In the True Lover's face,
Free of all base alloy,
God give thee joy!

God give thee life, my child,
All-compassing, all bright,
Eternal, undefiled,
His life of love and light!
Sovereign o'er stress and strife,
God give thee life!

What human hearts, my child,
Can only wish for thee,
Albeit, by love beguiled,
They fain would givers be,—
Of blessings great or small,
God give thee all!

HE STANDS AT THE DOOR

Crowned with the splendor of the skies,
Jeweled with stars, and robed in light,
So radiant that all human eyes
Are blinded by the sight:

He holds the keys of either sphere,
Yet one small door will not unlock,
But stands without, until I hear
My Lover's patient knock—

Hear and arise, and joyfully
Throw for myself the portal wide,
That He who comes to visit me
May enter and abide!

Beloved, through Thy grace Divine,
Though I be weak, and full of sin,
This right of sovereign choice is mine.
Behold, I let Thee in!

Come, and my darkened house illumine;
Come, share and bless my daily store,
O Lord of Life and Life to come,
Who knockest at my door!

MY PILGRIMAGE

I journey to no distant goal,
That shall reward the toilsome way;
Not from to-morrow draws my soul
The strength it needs to-day.

Not yonder only waits my King
To place a crown upon my brow
With longed-for praise and welcoming;
He walks beside me now.

I do not stand upon the beach
Of any cold and sullen stream
I needs must cross or ere I reach
The city of my dream.

Life, in a brimming, bubbling tide,
Not darkling Death, flows ceaseless by.
And evermore, that stream beside,
We walk—my Friend and I.

We feel the joy of thirst, and drink;
We heal the wounds of toil and strife
With leaves that flutter to the brink
Down from the trees of life.

Upward we'll trace the river's course,
Until at last, the pathway trod,
We stand together at the source,
Beneath the throne of God.

Dear Friend, what scenes that upper land
May hold of unimagined bliss
I know not; but I clasp Thy hand,
Content with Thee, and this.

CHRISTUS CONJUGATUS

O weary soul! be not distressed;
Remember how the Master spoke
That day He promised His own rest
To them who take His yoke—

His yoke, that lays its weight on two,
And links the laborer to a Friend
Unwearied, patient, hopeful, true,
Who bears the other end!

Dear Lord and Comrade! I would ask
No toil in which Thou dost not aid,
Nor any rest from any task
Save that which Thou hast said

Thou wilt bestow on them who bear
This common yoke of theirs and Thine—
The joyful burden, light as air,
The rest that is divine!

I would not stop, I would not moan,
While life and strength remain in me,
If only I be not alone
In what I do for Thee!

Till there be left no work at all
That I on earth with Thee can share,
And Thou shalt speak the welcome call:
“Rest now—and work—elsewhere!”

THE LILIES

What is the way the lilies grow?
Asleep in winter, under the snow,
They stir in their sleep and dream of the sky
They shall look up to, by and by;
And when the Spring with fingers small,
Reaches and touches and wakes them all,
Then out they come, and up they go:
That is the way the lilies grow!

And yet they do not suddenly leap
Up from the bed of their winter sleep,
Saying, "Behold, how grand are we,
As big to-day as ever we'll be!"
Oh, no! it is not the lilies' way
With strain and striving to grow in a day:
Calm and happy and sure and slow—
That is the way the lilies grow!

They draw their food for leaf and stem
Out of the earth that cradled them,
Then catch in their tiny hands the rain
To wash them clean of the earthly stain,
And lift their faces to breeze and sun,
That clothe in beauty every one.
To heaven above, from earth below—
That is the way the lilies grow!

By and by, when the time is come
All unconscious they bud and bloom!
Then, in a glory that far outshines
Richest splendors of royal lines,
Over the meadow in bright array
The lilies cluster, and seem to say,
“How this happened, we do not know
But that is the way we lilies grow.”

Little children (and larger, too!)
Let the lilies say this to you:
Would you rise to the higher air
Strong, unsullied and free of care,
Gathering ever from earth and sky
Grace and glory in full supply—
Would you win Life's victory so?
Consider the lilies, how they grow!

THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO

A thought of God on earth expressed!—
The silence of His perfect rest;—
The patience of eternal power;—
The ceaseless change from hour to hour;—
Forms in alternate gloom and flame,
That bide yet evermore the same,
And do but wear a fitful guise
Reflected in our human eyes,
Which only compass in their range
The things that change, or seem to change;—

The blended hues of heavenly birth
Beyond the tenderest tints of earth,
That fill and flood these spaces wide
With surges of celestial tide;—
The mystery of this awful brink
Where meaner thoughts in rapture sink,
And souls see clear, tho' eyes grow dim,
While time and space are lost in Him!

Methinks I could not fail or flee
In any conflict yet to be,
Whatever pathway must be trod,
Might I but keep this thought of God!

TO A SHUT-IN

We ran along the shining sands
Beneath the cloudy sky,
And saw the ships from many lands—
The white ships, sailing by.

But lo! upon a quiet spot
An idle boat we found.
“Boatman,” we cried, “Why sail you not?”
Quoth he, “My ship’s aground.”

“And are you sad and desolate,
To be thus laid aside?”
“Not so,” he said, “I only wait
The turning of the tide.

“And while I watch my brethren free
Upon the sparkling main,
I know the time will come to me
When I shall launch again.”

Dear sailor, stranded for a while,
Though other sails are spread,
And waves in invitation smile,
And heaven shines overhead,

We count you still a comrade true,
We miss you and we yearn
For the glad moment when to you
The flood-tide shall return.

THE HIGHEST CRITICISM

Whene'er, O ever-present Lord!

These ancient chronicles I read
Of them, Thy human speech who heard,
Who touched Thy human hands indeed,

Forbid that all my faith be spent

To find them true, and free from flaw,
Or idly pitch my slothful tent
Upon the truth they say they saw!

Nay, hold not thus Thyself aloof,

But come, and bide and walk with me,
That I may cry, on higher proof,
Not, "Yes; they saw," but "Lo! I see!"

THY WILL

O Thou, who art inspiring
My yearning and desiring,
And hearest always when I pray!
Hear only, whatsoe'er I say,
 "Dear God, Thy will be done,
 And Thine alone!"

I could not joy in praying,
My heart before Thee laying,
Did I not know I cannot move
The wiser purpose of Thy love!
 Dear God, Thy will be done,
 And Thine alone!

Such dread, my faith o'ertasking,
Would silence all my asking;
How should I dare a single hour
To borrow Thine almighty power?
 Dear God, Thy will be done,
 And Thine alone!

Let not my selfish crying
Disturb Thy love's replying!
I shall not mourn the things I miss
If Thou but make me sure of this;
Dear God, Thy will be done,
And Thine alone!

IMMORTAL LOVE

There is gladness and rest for the spirits bright
Who have laid their labors down;
They have run the race, they have fought the
fight;

They have bent their heads for the crown;
Yet ever they turn from their rapturous song
To the dear ones here below;
For love is steadfast, and love is strong,
And love will never let go!

There is trial and burden and struggle and pain
For us on this earthly shore;
But we surely some day shall meet again
The dear ones gone before;
And even in the midst of the heavenly throng
Our own we shall find and know;
For love is steadfast, and love is strong,
And love will never let go!

Thou Lord of Life and Lord of Love
To whom alike are dear
Thy strong, triumphant saints above
And Thy weak children here!

Thou wilt grant us the joy for which we long;
For chiefest in Thee, we know
That love is steadfast, and love is strong,
And love will never let go!

SING TO THE LORD!

Sing to the Lord, O my soul, O my soul!

Tell of His goodness, tell of His love!

Hark! how the music of spheres as they roll

Echoes from Heaven above!

Angels are chanting from star unto star;

Sweetly their melody falls on Thine ear,

Thrilling to meet, as it comes from afar,

Answering praises here!

Surely, my soul, there is joy in confessing

Fullness of pardon, and treasure of blessing.

Thine be the song to fly swift to His throne

With rapture of gladness to angels unknown!

Casting thy crown, O my soul, at His feet,

Let thy new strain make the chorus complete,

Glory and blessing and honor to bring,—

Sing to the Lord, O sing!

Not unto us, O my soul, O my soul,

Not unto us the praise shall be given;

Hail to the Father whose tender control

Guideth thy feet to Heaven!

Weakness and weariness brood o'er thy path,
He is thy refuge and strength by the way;
Shadow of sorrow and tempest of wrath

Vainly thy course would stay.

Straying, He followed thee; lost, He hath
found thee;

Ever the arms of His love are around thee;
He shall acclaim thee, when trials are done

Heir of His Kingdom and son with His Son!

Casting thy crown, O my soul, at His feet
Let thy new strain make the chorus complete,
Glory and blessing and honor to bring,—

Sing to the Lord, O sing!

AN ANNIVERSARY

Now rest, ye pilgrim host!
Look back upon your way:
The mountains climbed, the torrents crossed,
Through many a weary day.
From this victorious height
How fair the past appears,
God's grace and glory shining bright
On all the bygone years!

How many, at His call,
Have parted from our throng!
They watch us from the crystal wall,
And echo back our song.
They rest, beyond complaints,
Beyond all sighs and tears;
Praise be to God for all His saints
Who wrought in bygone years!

The banners they upbore
Our hands still lift on high;
The Lord they followed evermore
To us is also nigh.

Arise, arise! and tread
The future without fears;
He leadeth still, whose hand hath led
Through all the bygone years!

When we have reached the home
We seek with weary feet,
Our children's children still shall come
To keep these ranks complete;
And He, whose host is one,
In all the countless spheres
Will guide His marching servants on
Through everlasting years.

EASTER

Morning red! Morning red!
Now the shadows all are fled;
Now the Sabbath's cloudless glory
Tells anew the wondrous story,
Christ is risen from the dead.

All around, all around,
Solemn silence reigned profound;
When, with blaze and sudden thunder,
Angels burst the tomb asunder,
And the Saviour was unbound.

Forth He came, Forth He came,
Robed in white, celestial flame!
Mary, at His empty prison,
Knew not her Redeemer risen,
Till He called her by her name.

Morning red! Morning red!
Christ is risen from the dead!
Still He walketh in the garden,
Speaking words of love and pardon,
Though the crown is on His head!

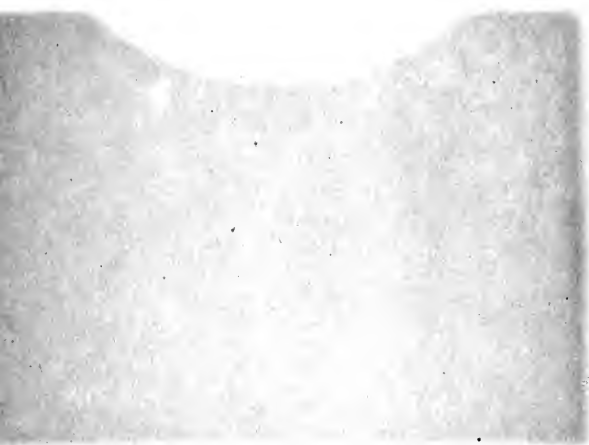
Morning red! Morning red!
Thou dost light His crowned head!
Brightest jewel of His glory,
Ever shines that wondrous story,
Christ is risen from the dead.

END.

THE
END OF
THE
WORLD

THE NEW
AMERICAN





Raymond, R. W. 396666
Christus consolator

953
R271

396666

Raymond

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

YC160249

